

Jefferson and Liberty ;
OR CELEBRATION OF THE
FOURTH OF MARCH.

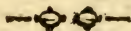
A PATRIOTIC
TRAGEDY:

A Picture of the PERFDY of corrupt Administra-
tion.

IN FIVE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

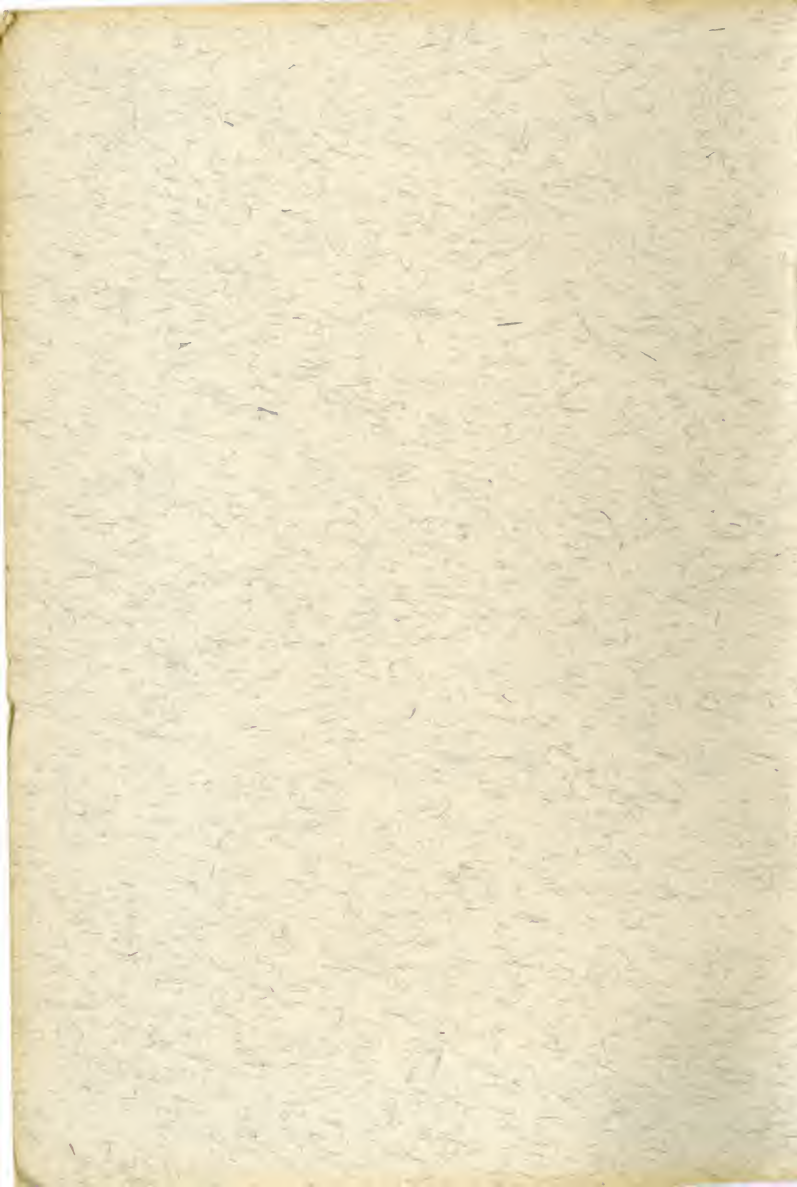
NICHOLS.



"Remember MARCH ! the ides of MARCH !"
Jul. Cæs.



SOLD AT THE PRINTING-OFFICE, TEMPLE
STREET, 1801.



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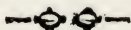
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Horatio,
 Warren,
 Thomas, and Jack,
 Duke of Braintree,
 Timothy Vigilant,
 Gen. H—n,
 Lifton,
 Porcupine,
 Duane,
 Lyon,
 Jefferson,
 Patriots,
 Soldiers.
 Sailor.
 Merchant,
 Boatman.
 Judge B.
 Robbins,
 Officers, Assassins, &c.
 Ghost,

WOMEN.

Eliza,
 Maria,
 Maid,
 Lady,
 Lady Blunt,

CHARACTERS.

Lover of Eliza.
 his rival.
 their friends.
 ————
 his Secretary.
 of the standing army.
 British Minister
 blackguard.
 Printer.
 Orator.
 ————

standing troops
 navy.
 Newyork.

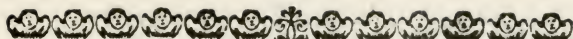
mariner,
 incendiaries.
 of Robbins.

&c. &c.

CHARACTERS.

coquette.
 her friend.
 of Eliza.
 Boatman's wife.
 Farmer's wife.

&c. &c.



JEFFERSON and LIBERTY;

ACT I. Scene 1.

Horatio, Eliza, Warren, Maria, and Clown.

Hor. The hour approaches pregnant with destiny!

My fate will now be ever sealed—
Steady to my soul's darling purpose,
To love and my Eliza, be devoted
More than life and honor.—

She well deserves my tenderest esteem,
Gentle as Zephyr, beautiful as Flora,
She excels in all the endearing charms,
Which make her amiable to my mind.

But Ah! the dread forebodings of my coward,
Spleeny soul! Hence, enemy 'f bliss ideal!
Be hush, ye jealous sighs, ungen'rous fears,
This hour bringe her to my arms, O rapture!
She comes with all a maiden's loveliness,
Smiling with a lover's fondness.

Soft, even now. *enter Eliza.*

Blest be this eve, thou idol of my soul,
Once more in love's embrace united, thus
We taste those joys which hearts congenial, find
In mutual offices of tender love.

El. O! do I live to see you thus by embracing
Every tie professing thou art mine,
And by the waning moon whose silver rays
Beam on the drousy lawn, with glit'ring drops,

The nodding forests spangled, tall witnesses,
By all the
Silence which pervades the earth, I vow!
I'm thine forever, even as I'm now.

H. Inconstant moon, how soon thy quarter ends!
Ye pearly gems which decorate the trees,
Ere tomorrow's sun shall one short hour smile,
Ye are extinct, and gone.
The kind profoundness of this solemn night,
Will in the bustle of the morrow cease.
Swear'st thou by fickle things, then may thy love,
A light 'nd transitory vision prove.

El. With meretire, and know how strong my
Hor. Even so. exit, love.

Scene 2. enter Warren and Jack.

Jack So it would seem that you have a rival, cut
out hey? what the Devil make you so chopfallen
and sulky, is your divine coquette feverish? say
coz.

War. Feverish? coquette? No by h-l! ven-
geance!

I'll make a ghost of him who dares insult
Her in one slanderous lisp. A rival?
I have none! Eliza false? no, never!
As stars of heaven she is fix'd forever.

Jack Fix'd? Egad! ha ha, I saw her fixed, faith,
as fast as you please in young Horatio's arms; but
I sees you be no much more fond of a rival than
you and I both, but as he bes a high mettled spark,
for the love of one's ears I advise you not to dis-
turb them there.

War. Where?

Jack In yonder door I *seed* them go arm and arm,
as loving as two chicks!

War. Mysterious this ! go thou, I'll search it out.
Jack You may search it out and in too, for what
 I cares ; damn me but I thinks you are in a fine
 way tho' no rival ! " Eliza false ? no, never ; as
 stars in heaven, she is fix'd forever. *snearing exit.*

Scene 3. Horatio and Eliza in a door.

Hor. Aurora smiling climbs the eastern sky,
 The blushing dawn proclaims the morrow night.
 Forth from the hive now comes the buzzing bee,
 His daily task assumes, t' gather nectar
 From each flower each shrub and tree, with trans-
 port

Hails the merry morn.

But me, ah wretched ! this coming day-light
 But paints that misery which to me 's attach'd

Oh ! must I leave you and my country too ?
 And with you I quit all my heart holds dear ;
 In full possession of some rival rude,
 Who will not love, nor know to prize thy worth.

No, you cannot be false to all your vows ;
 Sincere and constant will you not be still,
 And when on old ocean's billows I
 Am tost, invoke the gods in prayer,
 That safely I return, for 'tis for you I go.
 And over adieu !

El. My heart, my prayers, forever shall be yours,
 And on your return, this hand in wedlock,
 Shall if you love me as you do profess,
 Reward your merit and your patience bless,
 Fear not to trust me, never will I be
 To you my love ungrateful. *going.*

Hor. One parting kiss ?

El. And Adieu.

Hor. Ah cruel fate ! that hearts like ours could
sever ;

Adieu dear girl ! We do not part forever.

El. Go brave and lovely youth, your country's
rights

Defend. Love of country is the noblest love !
Love thou thy country even 's I do thee,
And thou shalt triumph in conquest double
Of my heart's confident affection.

Hor. Be this thy motto printed on my breast,
With this addition, justice, free inquiry
Shall mark my conduct, and subordinate
To no rule opinion, or pretensions
Which are unsanctioned by reason's voice,
Or war with freedom's sacred views.
This war I think unnat'ral and unjust,
Yet reluctantly I join the hue and cry,
Mount the cockade and strut about in buff,
Drown the poor Frenchmen in my cup of beer
Storm Brest or Paris, their fortresses blow up
With rappe snuff. For the instigators
Of this unhappy contest, they would make
A better figure in the pillory than
A council which they but contaminate.

El. Be prudent. Good night,

Hor. Remember me, Farewell. *exit,*

Enter Warren and Eliza.

War. Rumor says young Horace is my rival ;
Can you Eliza be as false as fair ?
Is there one virtue in a traitor's heart ?
If yours may be anothers, and not mine,
Tell thou me and I will die.

El. I did but coquette with that lively boy,
I love good company ; his parts are bright ;

So far resembling thee, so much I love him
And no more.

There's honesty in all things, love alone
Makes an exception. Lovers are all
Treach'rous assassins, thieves and cozens.

Believe me I would not be his, tho you
For sake me. With a holy fire he loves me,
Yet for your sake do I reject him.
By my contrivance he has sail'd, is gone
To fight the French. We fighting parted—
The tears stole down his death-pale cheek, Alas !
Poor youth ! to him I am ungrateful—
Heaven forgive this perfidy of me.
A few days more and I'm your bride.
And tho now he did reproach me dying,
From this there's no appeal.

I was born to murder all who love me.

War. What means this wildness ? my worst fear !
Oh torture ! Oh distraction ! lov'st thou him,
Yet for me his fate ? I could weep away
My spirit. My dear you are unwell, come in,
Compose yourself, forgive my jealous fears.

exit Warren

Enter Maria.

Maria. As I have loved you ever, I conjure
You tell me, why like a faithless
Coquette, you do thus profer your hand
Both to Warren and Horatio ?

Eliza. Oh that they both could have me.

Maria. Horatio for your sake is ruined.

Eliza. He never will return. The tempests kind,
Will be to him more merciful than I,
Death will hide me from his sight—
That I could love and murder too

He'll never know.

Maria. Unhappy friend it may not be too late,
Beware you do not seal your lover's fate.

End of the first Act.

A C T 2d.

Scene. in a shut Chamber—The Duke of Braine-tree, and Timothy Vigilant.

Duke *Scandalum Magnatum.*

BY our religion holy, do I swear
The factious shall in the dust be humbled
And proud Infidels respect good government,
While I the garb of power supremely wear,
Shall vassals who beneath my haughty nod
Must bend, a beastly swinish multitude,
Presume t' offer an audacious insult,
To the Majesty of British friendship?
Nourish mutinies, and murder
Our noble, courtly friends Columbia's allies,
Ocean's great arbiters, favor'd of God.
To whom be glory forever, Amen.
Tho' jacobins impeach, I'll interpose,
And Robbins shall be given up, he shall.
Altho' one murder makes a villain,
'Tis pard'nable in ease like this,
When nation's policy is thus involv'd,
We chuse the smaller evil ; sacrifice
One vulgar man, sooner than the friendship
Of the well born few whose right 't is to rule,
Should be dissolved.

Tim. Then will I dispatch a courier, quick,

He'll bear your pleasure to the Fed'ral Judge,
 The war barque waits him anchor'd in the stream,
 And when he is deliver'd her canvass wings will
 spread !

What tho her obd'rate stem plough waves of blood,
 And the black deed give a darkened shade,
 To ocean's green transparent hue ? so
 We perchance may hear no more of him.

Duke Religiously well ! procure affid'vits,
 That American he was none ! good Tim. *exit T.*

Duke sings Hail Columbia, &c.
exit dancing. *end of Act 2d.*

A C T 3d.

*Scene 1. A ship wreck—mariners swimming a shore
 —thunderstorm—Horatio traversing a wild romantic
 forest, in view of the ocean. Sings.*

Roar, roar ye winds, O tempest houl !
 Foam ye billows, and ye thunders roll ;
 Blue lightnings flashing,
 Tremendous clashing.
 Still, still undaunted be my obd'rate soul.

Fall, fall ye flinty hail-stones here,
 My open bosom feel, nor fear,
 Your malice is cheated,
 And your rage defeated,
 For the lash of fate I'll proudly bear.

While my Eliza 's on her sofa sleeping,
 Guardian Angels watchful keeping,
 My dreams delightful,

No sad and frightful
Vision tell her I am weeping.

Loud sighs heard from the precipice—storm still.
Ha ! from whence proceed thole sighs of anguish ?
Has mortal elle surviv'd this fur'ous gale,
Escap'd a briny tomb to perish here ?
Ha ! again, perchance from yonder barque,
Some dear companion of some lovely girl,
Like me, from being food for hung'ry sharks,
Has been reserv'd with me, to fatten here,
The clumsy carcase of some growling bear.
I'll haste to find this wretched partner out,
'Tis meet in mil'ry's chain we should unite,
And in friendship's ballance weigh that fate,
which love for each has purchas'd. *Scene descends.*

Scene 2d. A shut Room—Porcupine and Lifson.

Enter Porcupine covered with quills—Lifson with a purse

Porc. In scarlet robes an English judge, more just,
More wise, more great, more good, and more august
Appears, than yankey horse-thief sorry fools,
In court like monkies grinning on their stools,
Like gobbling turkies do they sit and cry,
Five thousand dollars for a virtuous lie,
If by a Briton told.

God send them to perdition.

Lifl. Cheerily good Peter, where's your wits ?

Porc. Wits at the Devil ! where's my money ?

Lifl. O stuff, our George's coffers are as full as
void,

He values not five thousand, when there's chance
Of plunder. Give them battle, our just cause
Is far from desp'rate, the high officers

Are all Great Britain's advocates and friends !
 America already tir'd of freedom,
 By factions rent, is tot'ring to a fall.
 Her dungeons fill'd with those seditious rascals,
 Who struggled to thwart the grand design,
 Her constitution turned all sides out,
 Her citizens free, yet unprotected.
 Things are near ripe for a dire explosion,
 A few bold strokes and all is done.

Porc. Damnation to the Fourth of March—
 Our schemes all blown up. The cowardly Duke,
 Has made his peace with the Sansculottes—
 Kick'd Timothy down stairs or about it,
 And play'd the Devil with all good fellows,
 So 'fraid he is that the Jacobins—
 Will o'erpower him, he will us forsake,
 His own aggrandizement to make secure.
 They're all savages, and we the fools—
 Of the play.

Lift. 'Tis sad, but bear up courage, they may be
 Brought to kiss the feet 'f injur'd Majesty,
 Sue for pardon, and put on the yoke.

Porc. I'll hide me in that insular Bastile,
 Great Britain, if I again do point m' quills,
 Here have they broke my purse-strings, may my
 head,

I think twere better to be off. *withdrawing.*

Duane entering picks up the scattered quills.

'Tis vastly well, there's more mischief brewing,
 Liffon and Porcupine in close converse,
 A plotting club of treach'rous knaves—
 Their intrigues their base contagious raving.
 Has poisoned half our country, sickn'd
 Our councils and our dearest rights made null.

Vengeance pursue them ! justice detect them !
 The triumph of the rights of nature—
 Doom them to insanity, the deeper hell !
 Kings, courts, and slavery in perdition sink.
 They're this way gone, I'll lofly follow them,
 Discovery may frustrate their dark designs. *exit.*

Scene 3d. A dungeon—Robbins in chains—Trial.

Rob. O Liberty how art thou perverted !
 Thou name once sacred to Americans !
 Citizenship thou holy guardian—
 Of all that man holds dear, life, protection,
 What has become of thee ? thou art mocked !
 O my country ! thy fall is certain—

Off. You are called to the bar.

Rob. I readily attend. *exit both.*

Robbins at the bar.

Jud. Charged with the foul crime of murder,
 and mutiny, committed on the Hermione's brave
 officers, the subjects of his Majesty King George.
 What answer make you to our high impeachment ?

Rob. Guiltless I plead.

Jud. The evidence is hard against you, what in
 defence have you to offer further ? The crime to
 name it makes me shudder !

Rob. In my defence need I to utter more,
 Than that I am a born American !
 Claiming of right the law's protection—
 What more is necessary ?

Jud. The name that you assume cannot from jus-
 tice screen the guilty.

Rob. What one of you being freemen born—
 But torn from th' bosom of friends and country,
 Compell'd in a god-offending cause—

To war ? would not assert your right with sword,
And hurl th' bloody ruffians in the deep, give death
To those who repugnant to all laws, 'nd rights,
Held you thus 'n slavery ? Would it not be just ?
Yet even that I have not done.

Enter messenger with a letter from the Duke.

Jud. Marshal, this criminal is by the special order of the Duke of Braintree, to be delivered to the custody of his Majesty's Minister, and the lord have mercy on his soul.

Rob. Perjur'd, false, perjur'd traitors, ye condemn
Unheard the guiltless, sell your country's blood,
At the paltry price of prince's favor.
'Tis this base servility which makes a king
A tyrant, and his creatures slaves.

O had I died ere singled out to show,
What corruption in young courts will do.

Scene 4. Near Newyork—Hamilton, I satman, Lady, &c.

Ham. Madam, permit me to kiss your hand ?

Lady Excuse me sir.

H. Your beauty pleads a ready excuse, but,
What pity 'tis that lady fair as you,
Should sleep alone.

L. I do not often sir, my husband is
Absent but for one night.

H. Yesterday, I had the happiness to
See him at York.

L. Here, then, he will not be this night.

H. I think not. Would fifty pounds and your
Humble servant, supply his place, to night ?

L. General you cannot be yourself.

H. That I were your fair self.

L. Hush dear fir.

H. One kind kiss I accept a pledge of my esteem,

L. Be silent fir.

H. Profoundly so. We may retire, *exit.*

Reenter Lady and Boatman.

L. Dear husband will you have sport?

B. What sport?

L. I have General Hamilton in my closet.

B. How! the Devil! in a horse-pond by th' bye

L. There is a sack, I'll go and tell him,
That you are here, mean time I will receive
His fifty pounds, and bind him over, again
To visit me.

B. Get him into the sack. Yes! yes!

L. And he will fancy him major gen'ral
Of the corps of fair infantry, while we,
My love, will out general him,
And bring him to close action with the mud. *exit.*

B. Funny enough by Jove! how d—d easy
'Tisto get a cuckold's commission.

L. O mercy fir, my husband has come home.

H. The Devil he has! What shall I do?

L. This sack must hide you.

H. Thank your invention, lovely girl.

L. Quick! *gets into the sack. loud knock*
I come I come. *Enter Boatman.*

I did not expect you to night my love.

B. I must be early with a freight of corn,
Tomorrow in Newyork,
And must load the sacks to night. *enter men*
carry off the corn—scene changes to York
Boatmen, Merchant, & H—

Mer. How much does each bag contain?

B. Four bushels.

M. What the Devil have you here ? *thumping the*
B. Corn sir. *General-Sack.*

M. A corpse say you ? why then bury it.

B. You surprize me ! 'tis corn sir. *unties the bag,*
 Hell and vengeance ! *out marches the G——*

M. General H——

Gen. Quarter, quarter !

M. Take the whole, in the Devil's name.

B. The cuckold manufactor ! but since he
 Has chosen his quarters, we'll pitch his tent,
 But a new un'form for cold water fight,
 He shall have. *kicks him into the sack.*

M. Present him to his Highness.

B. Will it be sedition ?

M. Who cares ?

B. Since the reign of terror has commenced,
 One cannot say he does not much admire
 A standing army a host of debauchees,
 But for sedition, mutiny, arrest
 And Judge Chase will find him. *going off with the G.*

Scene 5. Duke, Timothy, &c. shut room,

Duke. This fellow will undo me, no, he shall not.
 What can I do ? why turn him out of office,
 But that will have a bad effect perhaps !
 Who can tell but he may betray me in the
 Sad affair of Robbins ? Heaven forbid !
 Venture that—Well he no longer shall be
 Of State the Secretary. *a knock.*
 Who's there ?

B. & M. Friends ! *enter*

D. What bring you ?

M. A military present !

D. A Liberty Cap in form of a Crown ?

Thank your patriotism.

B. No fir, a fools-cap in form of a clown.

D. No clowns for his Highness.

M. Then here is a clown for his lowness—

Turns out the G———l—loud laugh B. & M. introduce him, Duke puts on his spectacles to look at him, and orders to the right wheel, quick step, march!—rogue's march. exeunt omnes. reenter Duke.

D. More tricks of this wicked H——ha! ha! ha!
Well match'd, ha, ha, ha. *knock*

Another present, hey? who's there?

Tonfor

D. Come in, Monsieur.

Ten. How does your Highness ?

D. Good morrow. Have a present too?

T. No fir, I c-o-me to c-u-r-l and powder

Vouz highness' ears.

D. Curl and powder my ears, of what religion
are you?

T. None. fir.

D. None! Who knows but you would cut my wind-pipe?

Rego! *kicks him out—enter Tim.*

Tim. Sir, conspiracy and treason is discover'd ;
The plotting Sans Culottes and Jacobins,
Will ruin us !

D. What treason ?

7. We have detected in false bottom'd tubs
Some horrid plan of insurrection, I haste
To search deeper into the nefarious
Project ! exit.

D. Deeper into you ! I can make no peace,
Ner any have, until I'm rid of you.

The Fourth of March approaches, I must

Make peace or my election 's lost Alas !
 The Jacobins will pull me down, and then,
 Goodbye to all I've done, to establish
 Order and good government. *exit.*

Scene 6. Jefferson, assassins, patriots, &c.

Jeff. The blasts of malice tho' furious for a while
 Expend their force ! calumny starves herself.
 The foes of nature lose their power to sting,
 The storms of State must in due time subside,
 Despots ambitious, find one common grave,
 And man his own sovereign be alone.

Blest be that auspicious hour to man—
 When no tyrant lifts his hideous head,
 Above the level of the humblest clay,
 To mock his sufferings and his rights despise,
 To make his life loathsome and nothing worth.

Blest be that hour for my dear country's sake.
 Which extends my power to serve her
 Interests, and her rights confirm.

*A loud cry death to republicans—enter assassins—
 Priests, Printers, lawyers, &c. armed. assault, shrink
 back, appalled by his dignified look, assault again, enter re-
 publicans, martial music, repulse the assassin, shout, lib-
 erty or death—long live the people's friend. Flourish,
 exit.*

*Scene 7. H——n brought forward in a chair,
 tarred and feathered, dance, yankey doodle.*

Scene 8. Duke, Tim, Lady Blunt, and Ghost.

Duke Curse my fate ! Americans ungrateful !
 Have I not done all they wished of me ?
 Yet they will forsake me. Farewell greatness !

Enter Tim with the Tabs.

Tim. Here here here they are full of treason.

D. Turn it out then.

T. Turn it out ? who knows but thousands
Of French canibals, and a Buonaparte,
May be in them, with doubled barrel'd swords
And cut and thrust pistols arm'd, most surely,
They would eat us up alive.

This way good woman, sound the alarm, bid
Hamilton his legions march quickly here.

L. *Blunt* Excuse me sir, for since the military
mania has seized this once peaceable place, I've not
had a moments peace. My husband was called a good
fort of a man, has now become a very tyrant. If I
ask him for a few dollars to buy a new gown, he
makes no reply but quick march. If he wants his
dinner, he bids me order arms. We had a few
friends to dine with us last Sunday, instead of say-
ing grace decently, as he used to, he called out atten-
tion, handle arms. And his grace after dinner is,
shut pans. If I offer to expostulate with him, he
says he will give me such a volley, as will bring my
rear rank to close quarter. *Tim. Cursed* It was but
impertinence. yesterday I caught him in the ware-
house, teaching the manuel. One Negro fellow was
furnished with a spit, another presenting arms with
a garden hoe, the wench shouldered my best hair-
broom ; the old man gave the word of command,
and they were so secret in manœuvring that I could
not ha' found their lines, but for the noise of march-
ing : I soon broke their ranks and put them to the
rout. *Tim, Pity* Between you and I, I *they had not*
am afraid they will *broke your head* manœuvre away
all our custom, *with your everlasting jaw*. Squire F.
was sent away empty because my husband was gone
to drill, my son was wheeling to the right and form-

ing platoons in the church, and the negroes priming and loading in the pantry. And we are not the only infected family, for I happened to ask Mr. W. what news abroad ? he answered blue with a red collar. And I expect you will order me, to the right about face retreat. *Enter soldiers, knock open the subs*

Gen. Charge bayonet ! advance, halt !

Make ready, take aim, fire ! to the right about face !

Duke examining their contents.

A few treac'rous louis d'ors, and letters,
Compose this arch conspiracy.

Thus have you ever duped me villain !

Hence Tim ! your office you no longer hold !

Soldiers ! ye are disbanded ! go, disperse !

Exit in confusion.

The Essex Junto have undone me—

I weary am of life.

Fondly I would sleep whole years, were't not,

That dreams of horror chill my soul—

Something will torment my grief-torn bosom,

The manes of murder'd—not so, murderer !

I am none ! why like a woman fear, to
sleep alone ? here I 'll close my eyes in sleep.

O balmy rest give this troubl'd bosom peace ! *sleeps.*

Enter Ghost, peals of thunder, groan, Duke starts.

Immortal Christ ! what furv did I hear ?

A shriek ! more shrill was never ! hell that tongue !

That groan was thunder in mine ear !

Thou spectre grim ! what is thine errand here ?

From whence ? why troublest thou my sick spirit ?

Ghost Canst thou call back that blood, sever each
drop

From the green tide with which it long has mix'd,
And fill with it those opened veins—

From which thy accurs'd ambition drew it ?
 Canst thou descend 'nto the region of th' deep,
 And bring from th' bowels of a scaly tribe,
 The manes of murdered R——s ?
 Whom thou didst deliver to the torture,
 Death, and the dark chambers of old Pluto.
 Canst thou recal the injur'd dead to life.
 Avengethy county's blood upon thyself ?
 Then live in luxury and silent peace !
 Till then, be ready at a thunders call,
 To know thy doom from awful heaven's tongue.

Exit, thunder, Duke swoons, enter Feds and bear him off.

Enter Lyon, pronouncing an *Eulogium* on the
 Duke.

So mighty Braintree, art thou fallen !
 Fallen, to rise, when thy hated name—
 shall cease to be detested. Thy fell heart,
 No long time since, a puff of arrogance,
 Was bouncing on the ranc'rous waves of pride,
 In cruelty exulting, revengeful,
 Haughty and perfidious, thou didst possess,
 A vain ambitious soul, a little mind,
 That on mischief bent. We trace thy steps, mark,
 The bloody meze ! Thou didst in four short years—
 Thy ill fated country, to the verge, of
 Ruin force. To count thy vices, make up,
 A catalogue of thy black crimes, and tell,
 How much a traitor to all human right,
 Thou wast, far too short eternity would be.
 Earth, air, and liquid ocean witness,
 Thy guilt, from hell's profoundest caverns stinks,
 Thro our globe, nauseates th' very heaven !
 No virtue hadst thou, usurper ! but dead !
 Perish with thee, thy treason and thy aims,
 End of Act 3d.

ACT 4th.

Scene 1. Horatio, Thomas, Sailor, Eliza, Warren.

Hor. At length I see my native place again,
And lukly Thomas is the first I meet ;
Of him a'll hear from my fair Eliza.

Th. How ! is this my master ?

H. Your friend.

Th. How does your honor ?

H. How does my Eliza ?

Th. Forget her.

H. Say no more, she's married !

Th. Perfidious ! hate her.

H. Soon I forget to live, she's lost ! *fwoons.*

Th. He swoons, he dies ! ho ! help !
carried off.

Eliza enters, Maid.

Why madam are you so melancholy ?

El. I know not. My heart is sick.

M. You have heard news.

E. None. What news ?

M. Were not you acquainted with Horatio ?

E. Yes, say what of him, Heaven ?

M. He has return'd, and knowing you were
married

From faithful Thomas, fell ; yes, he is dead !

E. Oh ! distraction ! *fwoons,*

Enter Horatio and Sailor.

Sail. Hold deserter, hold !

H. Miscreant, address you me ?

S. Indeed I do, and arrest you.

H. At the peril of your dastard soul.
Once I remember, when in the frigate

His heart was soft, his passions mild,
He lov'd me, oft he sighing said ;
While like a bashful fondling child,
Upon my breast he hung his head.

He was the object that I lov'd,
Long time his heart with mine was one ;
But I a faithless traitress prov'd,
He died, alas ! and I'm undone.

Much enduring pain and sickness,
He brav'd the dangers of the sea ;
But returning found me faithless,
His heart was broke, he died for me.

Remorse and guilt tare this bosom,
Never let me quit his urn,
Til the grove in black shall blossom,
And singing birds do with me mourn.

End of Act 4th.

A C T 5th.

Scene 1. The Senate Chamber, Jefferson in the
Chair, American flag, martial music behind
the scene, discharge of cannon.

Jefferson and Senate,
Gentlemen of Columbia's Senate,
I now propose, your chair to resign—
The time approaches when relations cease,

Between this august body and my self ;
 Ere I depart, accept my grateful thanks,
 For those marks of attention and respect,
 With which you have me honored.
 Impartial justice, tho I may have err'd,
 Has been th' guide of my official conduct ;
 And let me ask continuance of support,
 In the new station to which I am call'd.

cannon, music.

Speak. To the Chief Magistrate 'f our great people,
 The Senate their congratulations send ;
 Their friendship, and support, will never
 Be from him withheld, whose country's honor,
 Is the noble rule of public action !
 'That this will be your view, we cannot doubt,
 And therefore are you welcome, in the name,
 And by the choice of this sov'reign Nation,
 Our President and head.

cannon, &c.

Scene 2. The Senate Chamber, a crowded Audience of American Citizens—shout,
 vive Jefferson—Inaugural Speech.

Friends and Fellow Citizens,

“ Called upon to undertake the duties of the first Executive office of our country, I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow citizens here assembled, to express my grateful thanks for the favor with which they have been pleased to look towards me, to declare a sincere consciousness that the task is above my talents, and that I approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments, which the greatness of the charge, and the weakness of my powers so justly inspire. Utterly indeed

should I despair, did not the presence of many whom I see here, remind me, that in the other high authorities provided by the constitution, I shall find resources of wisdom, of virtue and of zeal, on which to rely in all difficulties.

About to enter, fellow citizens, on the duties which comprehend every thing dear to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of government. Equal justice to all men, peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none :—the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies :—the preservation of the general government, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home, and safety abroad :—a jealous care of the right of election by the people : absolute acquiescence in the decisions of a majority, a well disciplined militia, the supremacy of the civil, over the military authority :—economy of the public money, the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of our public faith :—encouragement of agriculture and of commerce ; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason : freedom of religion ; freedom of the press ; freedom of person, and trials by impartial juries. These are the principles which form the bright constellation which has guided our steps thro an age of revolution ; they should be the creed of our political faith :—

I repair then, fellow citizens, to the post you have assigned me, relying on the patronage of your good will—ready to retire, when you are sensible how much better choices it is in your power to make. And may that infinite power, which rules

destinies of the universe, guide our councils to what is best, and give them a favorable issue for your prosperity and peace. cannon, &c.

loud huzzas—scene descends

Jefferson's March.

EVENING SCENE.

A bonfire near the monument on Bunkerhill, surrounded by a concourse of people—repeated shouts, firings, and military manœuvres.

S O N G.

Columbia be freedom forever thy boast,
And flourish thy fame in immortal resplendence ;

While the rays of mild peace beam on thy fair coast,

Thy sons shall inherit a proud independence.

And our greatness encrease,

In the triumph of peace,

With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece."

*For ne'er may Columbia's freedom expire,
Until Ocean and Land are dissolved on fire.*

When Albion's Despot on America frown'd,
And her shores were by hosts of his vassals invaded,

Her Washington's arms with conquest were
 crown'd,
 When our veteran Sires round their stand-
 ard paraded.
 With a Godlike pride,
 To our freedom allied.
 In defence of our rights our *voice* shall decide.
For ne'er may, &c.

Serene was the youth of America's day,
 Ere her sun in the vapors of treason was
 shrowded,
 Or Faction had ruled with imperial sway,
 Ere liberty's rays in confusion were clouded.
 Or the art and intrigue
 Of an insidious League,
 Had spread a contagious political plague.
But ne'er may, &c.

With Adams the reign of madness and terror,
 Must down to the tomb of oblivion be tum-
 bled ;
 And our country immerge from the abyfs of
 error,
 While the *Fed'ral* colossus to atoms is crum-
 bled.
 In America's voice,

Her sovereign choice,
 United the friends of our nation rejoice.
For ne'er may, &c.

Our stupenduous mountains, whose towering
 heads,
 With grandeur sublime, the clouds have in-
 vaded ;
 Their tumbling summits in ocean shall bed,
 Ere our national fame may again be degra-
 ded.

While Jefferson the great,
 Guides the helm of our State,
 No factions, nor *armies* shall threaten our
 fate.

And ne'er may, &c.

Let Traitors be told that America's free
 That her vigorous *Juntos* are languishing
 single's , [seas,
 And she swears by the God of her soil and her
 That her sons shall all perish or ever be
 kingless.

And may every throne,
 Be the people's alone,
 Justice the law, and virtue the crown.

*For ne'er shall Columbia's freedom expire,
 Until ocean and land are dissolved on fire.
 End of the fifth Act.*

EPILOGUE.

By a Philadelphian.

No more to subtle arts a prey,
Which fearful of the eye of day ;
 A nation's ruin plann'd :
Now entering on th' auspicious morn,
In which a people's hopes are born,
 What joys o'er spread the land !

While past events portended harm,
And rais'd the spirit of alarm,
 Uncertain of the end :
Ere all was lost, the prospect clear'd,
And a bright star of hope appear'd,
 The people's chosen friend.

Devoted to his country's cause,
The rights of man and equal laws,
 His hallow'd pen was given :
And now those rights and laws to save,
From sinking to an early grave,
 He comes, employ'd by heaven.

What joyful prospects rise before ?
Peace, arts and science hail our shore,
 And thro the country spread :
Long may these blessings be preserv'd,
And by a virtuous land deserv'd,
 With Jefferson our head.

The above may be sung, between the Inaugural, and
Evening scenes.

FINIS.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The rare American political drama here reprinted is from a copy in the possession of the publisher. It was the surmise of Arthur Hobson Quinn (the G.O.M. of American dramatic studies whom we recall with some affection) that the political satire produced in 1801 and 1802 was the result of the Democratic-Republican election victory and the subsequent repeal of the Alien and Sedition Acts which had made Adams' administration odious. The democratic muse thus liberated from the threat of prosecution flowered in J. Horatio Nichols' "Jefferson & Liberty," 1801, in his "Essex Junto" of the following year which goes over much the same ground with much the same cast of public characters, in Leonard Chester's "Federalism Triumphant," 1802, and so on. These plays may lack the imprimatur of greatness, but they are a remarkably vital remnant of a notable controversy in the early republic. N.K.

